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1901

# A Flower That's Lost Its Bloom

John H Burns

*Composer*

Johnnie Quigley

*Composer*

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# A FLOWER THAT'S LOST IT'S BLOOM



T. BRENNAN

WORDS & MUSIC BY

JOHNNIE QUIGLEY AND JOHN H. BURNS



NEW YORK  
1204 BROADWAY.

CHICAGO  
112-114 E. MADISON ST.

BOSTON  
409 WASHINGTON STREET.

Vp. 011502  
1901

Flo

# A FLOWER THAT'S LOST ITS BLOOM.

Words and Music by  
JOHNNIE QUIGLEY  
And JOHN H. BURNS.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

I knew a lit - tle maid - en, To whom Dame Na - ture gave Those  
She saw and rec - og - niz'd me But turn'd her head a - way She

gifts which make a wom - an lov'd And o'er which art - ists rave. She  
would have pass'd me by had I Not gent - ly bade her stay. She

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was my lit-tle sweetheart And like a knight of old I cham-pion'd all her causes Her  
turn'd her eyes up-on me In mute ap-peal so sad How chang'd she was from her, whom I

faith in me to hold. But when I grew to manhood I left my 'na-tive town And  
lov'd when but a lad "How are the folks?" I ask'd her To her eyes sprang the tears "The

in the whirl of cit-y life In years gain'd some re-nown. But yes-ter-day I met her Up-  
old folks" then she an-swer'd "I have not seen them in years." She did not give her rea-son, Did'

on a cit-y street; A look of wild des-pair, rests on Her sad face once so sweet.  
not try to ex-plain; The rea-son I read in her face To me 'twas ver-y plain.

## CHORUS.

Waltz tempo.

She's not the same sweet las-sie — She's not the same dear maid — At.

whose feet in those hap - py days My boy - ish heart I laid — There are

tra - ces still of beauty — But for her there's naught but gloom — She's a

gem that's lost its lus-tre — A flow'r that's lost its bloom.

*Respectfully dedicated to my Dear Friend WILL T. CUNNINGHAM.*

## A FLOWER FROM THE FIELDS OF ALABAMA.

Written & Composed  
By DAN J. SULLIVAN.

### CHORUS.

She's a flow'r from the fields of Al - a - - ba - - - ma.

Take her for she loves you lad I know Health and luck where're you go That's the

bless-ing I be - stow She's a flow'r from the fields of Al - a - - ba - - - ma.

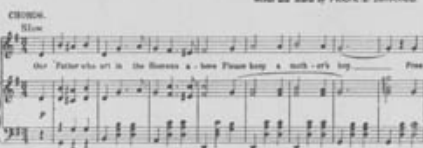
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Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. M. K. - Sage  
**THE LAST PRAYER.**

Words and Music by FRANK J. DORRILL.



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**DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.**

Words by ED. GARDNER.

Mus. by HENRY W. ARNSTEIN.



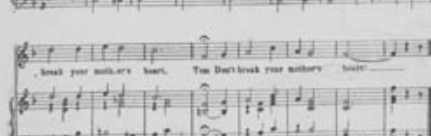
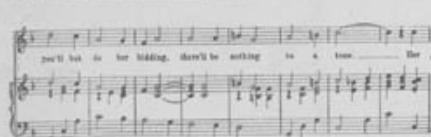
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**Don't Break your Mother's Heart Torn.**

Arr. by S. S. COOK.

JOHN WHELEY.

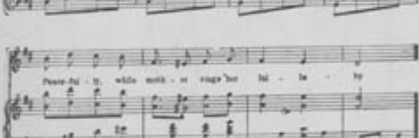
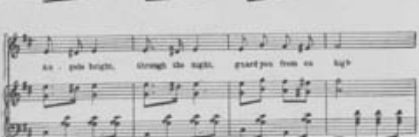


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**TWILIGHT CRADLE SONG.**

Words by S. S. COOK.

Mus. by J. W. WHEELER.



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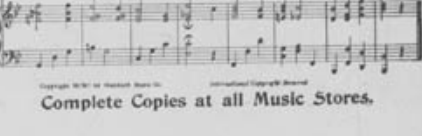
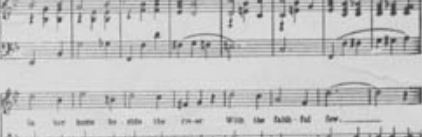
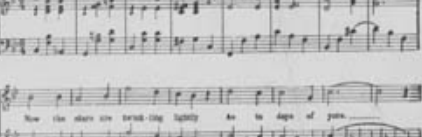
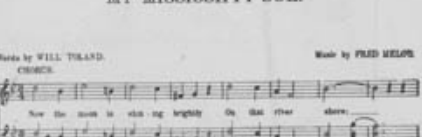
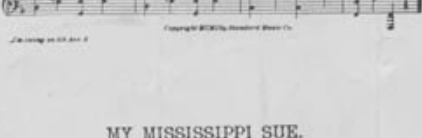
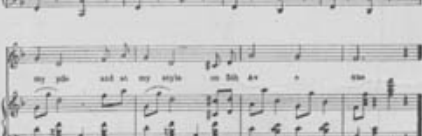
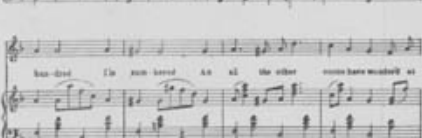
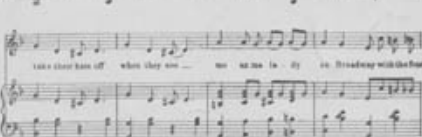
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**I'M LIVING ON FIFTH AVENUE.**

AMBY S. O. COOK.

Words and Mus. by JULIA SMITH.



**MY MISSISSIPPI SUE.**

Words by WILL THLAND.

Mus. by FRED MELLO.

